

Dear Children:

Your Little Paper,

— * — “MIDGE” — * —

ISSUED WITH THE BIG

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH,

— WILL BE —

BRIGHTER and BETTER THAN EVER TO-MORROW.

SEE THESE FEATURES:

Brave Eddie Sheldon,

A true story. (Illustrated.)

How Halvor Won the Princess,

A charming story of far away Norse Wonderland. (Illustrated.)

A Page of Puzzles.

Society News.

PRETTY NEW TOYS. (Illustrated.)

THE BEE AS A PAPER-HANDER.

GOOD AND BAD CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

A TRICK WITH DOMINOES.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S TRIP.

BOWLING SCORES.

AN ODD CAR FOR THE BABY.

EDITORIALS, LETTERS FROM

CORRESPONDENTS, POETRY.

And Last, but Not Least,

The Exchange Column.

Get Up Early To-Morrow and Be the First to Find

.. .. “MIDGE”

Hidden Away in the Folds of the Big Sunday Post-Dispatch.

JOE THE YOUNG 400.

New York's Swell Fifth Avenue Dancing School.

BUT THE SOCIALLY ELECT CHILDREN ADMITTED.

re Taught Ball-Room Deportment the Cotillion for Fancy Prizes—Kiddie the Rule, and Everything and Correct—Brilliant Classes.

odance SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH. Jan. 11.—Three dollars an hour in the class.

r for all, or calling four \$14.00 a year of 800

is the rate at which an uptown dancer taxes the Four Hundred for training youngsters in the cotillion. A dollar would buy at retail prices leaves of bread. One hundred and dollars would pay for 2,400 leaves, as many hungry mouths.

read is no more the staff of life to the millions than proficiency in dancing is requisite in the social education of the rich. That is why their pay the price.

ve been a pupil of this class is as good introduction into ultra-fashionable as though you had been launched at mystic circle upon the arm of Warder himself. It is a school of application membership in which consideration is given except from those intimately tied with the Four Hundred, and in you need never hope to be admitted, unless after carefully being weighed, social status has not been found want.

is a school has existed in New York's fashionable quarter for nearly the last of the present century. Forty years ago present leaders of fashionable received instruction in the terpsichorean art in the same school in which their "dances" are being taught to-day. Mr. Dodsworth, the dancing master then, was a younger blood, and Mr. Dodsworth, the dancing master now, is a dancing shoe.

the dignified person in green livery, brass buttons and a cockade in his hat, who stands at the curb. His duty is to open the doors of the carriages as they roll up before No. 681, and assist the small occupants and attendants to alight. The pride and grace with which he performs it proves that he is a man who has found his proper vocation in life.

THE INTERIOR. Upon mounting the brown-stone steps another equally fine gentleman in livery opens the door and ushers the visitor or pupil into the luxurious hall. A good-looking maid, in a dainty cap, stands nearby, ready to accompany the pupils who need her assistance in

are quite up to the exalted position she occupies as the wife of "society's" dancing master.

On the left is the parlor. A cursory glance reveals a charming lot of children, as well bred, as good-looking and as well dressed as the eye cares to rest upon. Some of the little girls, with their beautiful curling hair, silk dresses of exquisite colors and dainty footgear, are suggestive of Dresden china figures. There is an exquisite flush in the little round faces that means good health and excellent care. Most of the boys are pictures in velvet suits and with lace collars.

But what one remarks most are the kid gloves and the breeding. Every child, even some so young as 4 years of age, has on the

tion sometimes fall in queer places. The little ones are grouped in corners, sitting on divans or standing near the door, chatting gayly, but quietly, while they wait for the lesson to begin.

THE DANCING LESSON. Suddenly you hear the tuning of several instruments, and the children with one accord flock to the ballroom. It is a magnificent room at the end of the hall, and is the full width of the building, and is almost twice as long. Five immense crystal chandeliers cast a brilliant reflection on the red satin wall draperies. Red plush divans, on which the parents and friends sit during the

lesson, extend the entire length of the sides of the room. A balcony, at one end accommodates the orchestra. In the middle of the polished floor stands Mr. T. George Dodsworth. There is little similarity between this slender, dapper, blond young man, in his very high collar, pointed patent leather shoes and perfectly fitting dress suit, and the dancing master whom most people remember. Can

any one who ever saw the dancing master of twenty years ago ever forget the way he played upon his violin, as he hopped from side to side, encouraging his flock of pupils to hop after him, much as a mother bird teaches her young to fly? Mr. Dodsworth does nothing so undignified as to hop. He looks as though he would be shocked at the mere suggestion. He receives his pupils with the gravity incumbent upon one occupying such a responsible social position, and the lesson commences.

The lesson differs materially from the common-place dancing-school lesson, because while the children are taught to dance, far more stress is exercised in making their movements graceful. They have exercises in walking, in bowing, in running, in jumping and in sliding gracefully. All these motions, when done perfectly, according to the elder Dodsworth's theory on dancing, are conducive to natural grace. There are no "fancy dances" taught, and no child is gotten up in her best clothes especially for the occasion and brought out to show off before the others.

There is the waltz, the polka, the quadrille and all the ball-room dances which children brought up in such environments will be called upon to know, and know well, when they arrive at the proper age. Every smallest detail of ball-room etiquette is observed, and little chaps of 7 ask for the privilege of a walk with all the gravity of men of the world. Of course due stress is laid upon dancing the german and the cotillion well. Mr. Dodsworth dances in the center of his flock and the youngsters all try to imitate his movements. The result is a graceful sometimes, and there is something decidedly stiff about his movements, but according to the ultra fashionable school of dancing this, combined with the correct degree of enaui, is the proper thing.

JUVENILE GALLANTRY. During the lesson there is plenty of opportunity to study the children. There are some quaint types of precocious juvenility exemplified in the cavalrous treatment which the boys show to the girls. Most of the little fellows impress one as being natural born little gentlemen, without much effort or training.

Even in some of the girls of there is a spirit of coquetry which promises to create havoc in later years. One little maid, not more than 6, in blue silk, with a blue ribbon in her curly hair, nipped in a most accomplished way with a little man a year or two older, in a white sailor suit. Between the dances she plied a tiny feather fan with all the dexterity and grace of a woman of fashion, while the two of them ate sweetmeats out of a tiny bonbonnier which she carried. The mothers and friends chat about prospective social events during the lesson, while keeping a proud eye on their offspring.

After two hours the lesson ends with a march. Then the little folks scamper off to the dressing-rooms. The maids and nurses who are restricted to the gallery during the lesson come down and the work begins of buttoning up dozens of Fauntleroy leggings, changing the lighter shoes for heavy outdoor ones, covering up pretty rosy little ears and wrapping the children up well in their fur-lined outdoor jackets.

Mrs. Dodsworth stands in the hall and bids the little folks and their parents a formally gracious farewell. The string of handsome carriages which extends on both sides of Fifth avenue for a block, and all the way to Madison avenue around the corner, roll up one after the other, and the guests of the generation to come are lifted into their satin-lined carriages by the man in green livery. If you are not in the secret and happen to be passing that way any afternoon you will think that one of the Fifth avenue

millionaires' children is giving a party, and these are the little guests going home.

NOT FOR THE COMMON HEAD. The Dodsworth School of Dancing, which has existed in New York so long that it has become a recognized institution, is the most exclusive school in the United States. To gain admittance without an introduction is absolutely impossible. When objectionable people make application for membership (and the term objectionable means nothing more offensive than not being associated with the 400) Mrs. Dodsworth informs them that they have a great many applicants waiting to be admitted, who cannot come now because there is no room. In a gracious manner she adds that she will take them when a vacancy occurs, but, as of course they must favor their older patrons first, this may be a long time. Then she gives the undesired applicant a little lavender book, in which is printed in lavender letters of a darker hue a few of the rules and regulations of the Dodsworth School of Dancing. After reading it, if the applicant has a particle of sense, he concludes that the Dodsworth is not for such as he, for the very first rule in the little lavender book specifies that without a satisfactory social introduction no stranger will be admitted.

To be a pupil of this exclusive school is a term of ten weeks, with lessons twice a week. Private lessons of one hour are \$5 each. There are two classes daily, forty pupils each. There are private classes in the evening and a Saturday evening cotillion for advanced pupils who have been taught in the afternoon classes.

The school comprises between 400 and 600 pupils. Among its patrons are the well-known names of the Astors, De Forests, Ogdens, Hoffmans, Rutherfords, Saks, Van Rensselaers, Joneses, Masons, Kilmelanders, Schermerhorns, Goets and Fishers.

FOR STORMY DAYS. In Mackintosh, Leggings and "Stanley" My Lady Braves the Elements.

The rainy-day girl is much in evidence these days, and the special reason for her appearance is her own knowledge that she looks well when attired for the storm.

In place of the ill-fitting rubber circular of a few years ago, there is the stylish mackintosh. The mackintosh perfected in the tosh. It reaches to the bottom of the skirt, is shaped to the figure in the back and has a full military cape, from twenty-seven to thirty inches long. There are no sleeves, but generous arm holes to accommodate the fashionable sleeve of the period. One of its special charms is the pockets which it possesses. There are two very deep ones, which can be used to good advantage during a shopping tour. Another convenience is the large slit in one of the back seams, which gives an opening for the hand when the dress is to be held up. The invernese style is of double texture, that is, the rubber coating is put on two pieces of cloth and comes in the middle so that no rubber touches the gown.

These mackintoshes are made of serge or cheviot in any color one may fancy. Blue is the most popular color. This season the fad is to have them lined with scarlet.

The newmarket the special reason for the invernese style, and therefore not so desirable, get its adjustable cape is much in its favor. When the cape is left at home the mackintosh appears as an ulster, quite up to date.

Black rubber buttons are used on these mackintoshes.

Mackintoshes for little girls are frequently adorned with a hood, which may be pulled over the caps. When they have a cape it is from seventeen to twenty-two inches in length, and the mackintosh is the invernese style in miniature. They vary in price from \$1 to \$8.

The Stanley cap is the most fashionable headgear for stormy weather. It is of cloth to match the mackintosh and lined with rubber. The small visor is just large enough to make the cap becoming when dampness forces the hair to be worn straight off the forehead.

Gaiters of mackintosh cloth are another useful article for rainy weather. It is of cloth to match the mackintosh and lined with rubber. The small visor is just large enough to make the cap becoming when dampness forces the hair to be worn straight off the forehead.

Keeping Up Her Spanish. Marie: "Professor! I did enjoy my Spanish lessons so much, but I have to give them up because eggs are so high."

Professor (in profound astonishment): "Because eggs are so high?"

Marie: "Yes; you see I learned to ask for eggs in Spanish beautiful; and then, of course, we had to have them three times a day so I could ask for them."

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Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Arsenic, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

PRICE TO WANT ADVERTISERS.

For proper classification, must be in this office Before 9:30 To-Night

IMPORTANT NOTE

After Jan. 1, 1894, we will charge no goods, and will sell only for
SPOT CASH

This will enable us to give you better values and sell you lower than heretofore. We are now selling the **BEST HATS** **FOR \$3.** Sold elsewhere for not less than \$4. Cash makes low prices. We solicit a continuance of your patronage. Prices on all our Furnishing Goods and Shoes greatly reduced.

O. DIEHL & BRO., 625 Olive Street.
1231-1235 Franklin Avenue

USE POND'S EXTRACT

FOR
PILES
BURNS

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that **RHEUMATISM** so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's new, had you must change your diet

FOR
COLDS
CUTS

SURE and perhaps take some distasteful drug
EYES —the doctor will tell you what—but first
WOUNDS rub thoroughly the part afflicted with
POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it

SORES warmly with nature, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper

Headache **Throat**
AND **Catarh**
AND

**ALL AFTER
PAIN SHAVING**

Half the

Series

the World's Fair Portfolio Photographs being distributed by the

Sunday Post-Dispatch
Will be over with the Issue of

Art Portfolio No. 8

Which Appears To-Morrow.

WHAT IT WILL CONTAIN.

<p>ric Fountains.</p> <p>ght Iron Gates.</p> <p>el Arts Building From the</p>	<p>Center of Wooded Island.</p> <p>Proctor's Statue of Industry.</p> <p>Tower of Oranges.</p>
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South End of California Building
Windsor Castle Model.

Grand Basin.	Agricultural Display of Ontario.
Marine Building.	Painting the Big Buildings.
Head of Fisheries Building.	Proctor's Statue of Plenty.

Get all the Back Numbers Now.

IP a coupon from the **Sunday Post-Dispatch** and
send it with 10 cents to any branch office. Back num
but the main office

<p>AYMES' OFFENSE.</p> <p>s Against the Young Man at Little</p>	<p>A Light in His Stomach.</p> <p>BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 12.—Over 2000</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Frank McMahon, Chief of Police at Rock, Ark., arrived here this morning back to Little Rock J. H. Aymes, the young man who is alleged to be assisting the Manned & In-

to victimize the termoid at Jacksonville, Fla., a few days ago. Aymes is in Arkansas on charges of grand larceny and obtaining money on stolen property. On Oct. 20 he was a guest at the Capitol in Little Rock. On this day he visited

Skin Eruptions

and similar annoyances are caused by an impure blood, which will result in a more dreaded disease. Unless removed, slight impurities will result in Syphilis, Gonorrhea, etc.

...will develop into chronic, excruciating, Salt Rheum and other serious results of

Bad

I have for some time been a sufferer from a severe

for Aymes to return, and finally as-
serted, it is asserted, that he had
hotel. This fact was reported to the
and investigation, it is alleged, re-
the fact that Aymes had taken the
earrings to Storth's pawnshop.
conspicuous Stiff's jewelry store, and

of them for \$80. He then, it is
shook off the dust of Little Rock
feet and succeeded in eluding the
at all points.

Aymes is the son of a promi-
nent broker in Galveston, Tex.,
rather has, it is said, frequently had

his head in shame and come to the
save his son from penal servitude.
right that he will not interfere in
stances. The young man is not only
secuted by Stiff, but the laws of
have given Pawnbroker Storch the
site to swear out a warrant against

raising money on stolen property.

**Cubeds,
Injections**

No
We
partic
ed.
cal

SANTAL

THE O. E.
600-510 FAGIN BUI.
2nd-3rd

P - **CLARK**

CAPSULE
MIDY
 PENNY
 Safe Drug
 for...

17

100

THESE CAFE ARE CROWDED OUT

ST-CLASS.
New York's Old Families Helped by
New Millionaires.

WARD McALLISTER DISMISSES MONEY
VS. BLUE BLOOD.
He Regrets the Tendency of Society to
Worship Wealth—The Great Advan-
tages of Gentle Birth, Heredity and
Training—Reign of the Parvenu.

Special Correspondence...
New York, Jan. 11.—To a person gifted
with a sense of humor there is nothing more
ridiculous than the efforts of the wealthiest
class in the community to set themselves up
as a choice and exclusive society. It is a
remarkable fact that persons who suddenly
attain vast riches and whose origin has been
wrapped in obscurity are the most strenuous
in their endeavor to be exclusive. It is this
new and powerful wealthy element with
which society in this city has now to con-
tend.

Society in general, they admit, may be
possessed of brains, culture and refinement,
but these are not all that is necessary. The
sine qua non is wealth, vast—almost unlim-
ited wealth. What it enjoys must be shared
only by other members of the chosen circle.
This desire for exclusiveness is carried to
such an extent that the best element of our
society would be completely shut out if we
had not still left a few old powerful families
with influence and tradition and wealth with
which to fight the growing evil.

The vulgar display of wealth we should all
frown down. It is seldom graceful, and
especially not when the wealth is of recent
origin. The only persons who can make it ac-
ceptable are those who have inherited it.
Habitual use alone can make them set gra-
cefully. We all know how uncomfortable new
clothes are when we first put them on. I
have often felt what a disagreeable thing it
must be for the Sultan of Turkey to be com-
pelled by custom to appear in an entire new
suit each day.

The old, respected society of this city is
now compelled to observe misfits of wealth.
Yet, after all, possibly the people at large
are to be held responsible for the state of
affairs. We are too much in the habit of es-
timating persons by what they have on, by
the fortunes they possess, by the houses
they live in; in other words, by their dis-
play of wealth. The average New Yorker
regards with ill-concealed contempt the coun-
tryman from another city, feeling that he is
far behind himself in all that pertains to the
luxuries and elegances of life.

There was a time when the entertainments
of the old Knickerbocker set were the most
important social functions of New York City.
At present they are regarded by this chosen
circle as "cheap and vulgar." The old Knicker-
bocker set is now a thing of the past. In
order to be really well must, in the first
place, cost an enormous sum of money. The
flaunts must be of the rarest kind, the per-
formances must be of the most expensive de-
scription. The most elaborate and costly
pumps, silk stockings and new
breaches. To these entertainments
the ordinary members of society rarely at-
tend. They are reserved for the "blue bloods,"
as they are called, the aristocracy of the
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ANKLE TRAGEDY.
Signs the Inquest on the
Jan. 10, 10:30 o'clock Coroner
enquiry into the death of
Stephenson, and Steve
of the double tragedy
day night at 1412 Olive
as only one piece of
the
ur-
at
c-

COAL
and be convinced
best prices.
OAK & COKE CO.,
704 Pine street.

ARD A. FINNEY.
Board of Health
Feb. 2, 11.
afternoon of the
Finney, which oc-
curred this morn-
a sufferer for some
years and relation
less than a year
ago. He had been
suffering from a
disease, consump-
tion in his sys-
tem to the disease,
um in that city.
Giles Finney
men's.
Secretary of the
under Drs. Dud-
ing that position
an account of ill
the Christian A.
St. Louis Medical
be prime of man-
age at the time of
an in his profes-
sion made him a
was Miss Corby,
vamine will be
resent.

WARD McALLISTER.
Muff Chains.
My Lady's muff now swings from a fine
gold chain, which glitters amid the dark fur
of her coat. She wears it because it is the
fashion, but she finds it useful as well.
Other costly muff chains, favored for their
oddity, are made of tin silver or steel beads
set with turquoise, and still others look like
strings of pearls.

The fancy muffs, which are just a fluff of
lace framed in velvet, are more useful than
their cost. She wears it because it is the
fashion, but she finds it useful as well.
Other costly muff chains, favored for their
oddity, are made of tin silver or steel beads
set with turquoise, and still others look like
strings of pearls.

Croquettes.
Chop the lean parts of a fowl or piece of
meat, moisten with butter and flour mixed
to a smooth paste. Add a very little chopped
onion. Put the whole, with pepper and salt,
in a stew pan over the fire. Add a little broth
and cream, stir well, and the mixture
leaves stir in rapidly the yolks of two or
three eggs. Let it remain on the stove a few
minutes longer. Then let it cool, divide it
into small pieces, form into egg shapes, roll
in flour and fry a delicate brown.

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suit each day.

JUST AHEAD.

near speaks about the
things ahead at this
time.

Many people are
suffering to-day from so-called coughs,
colds and influenza.
The remark was made by a very prom-
inent physician, connected with one
of the leading New York hospitals. Constat-
ing that it is not these things that are troubling
people, but it is an advanced form of our
old enemy, the grip. People feel out of
sorts, sneeze, have pains in the muscles
and bones, have no appetite, lose all in-
terest in the world and wonder what is
the matter. It is the grip; nothing else.
Now, all such symptoms, need to have
prompt treatment. The attack must be
met and repelled at once, or it is certain
to run into something serious. I know of
but one way to effectively avoid these
troubles which are now so common, and
that is, to immediately counteract them
by using a good, pure tonic, such as
Nothing of the ordinary kind, but some-
thing pure and scientific. Pure Malt
Whisky, which is acknowledged
today by physicians and scientists to be
the only pure, medicinal malt
whisky upon the market.

The words of the professor are true and
they carry a wonderful meaning to many
men and women who are suffering from
the first symptoms of grip, or else grip in
its advanced stage. For all such people
we offer a word of advice; which is to
take the best means to overcome these
troubles and do not permit them to
sweave you from your purpose to have
that which has proven itself by years of
use, to be the best and purest stimulant in
the world.

PEEPS AT NORWAY.

EDGAR WAKEMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF
THAT ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—There is much about
Norwegian scenery, scenes and incidents
worth relating discursively, which is likely
to prove helpful to succeeding travelers, in
their experiences, or entertaining to readers
who can only travel in this stern and mighty
land of the North by the most elaborate
journeys of fancy with kindly tempered
writers for their willing guides.

There are no roadside shrines, save of
nature's exclusive handiwork, in all Nor-
way. Indeed one traveling along the grand
stone roadways almost feels a longing for
those mute connecting links of human and
spiritual interest. Groups of peasants
kneeling before cross, or effigy or beside
consecrated fountains, are here never seen.
The only objects of the wayward, and
possibly pique curiosity or interest
are upright stone posts on which
ferret cut or painted enigmatic figures. Nor
even an antiquarian sentiment can be con-
jured by these. The significance is very
great, however, to the landed proprietor,
for they relate with nice exactitude the num-
ber of stones each is compelled to keep in
perfect repair in summer and wholly clear
of drift and snow and other obstructions in
winter. All this is enforced with a certain
impartiality in Norway, and that is why the
country has the finest roads in the world and
has also been transformed, in scarcely more
than a generation of time, from a nation of
drunkards and almost inveterate truants, with
all accompanying evils, to a land of sobriety,
cleanliness, amplitude and content.

Jordbaer or strawberries almost consti-
tute a national dish in Norway. Indeed I
have often seen them there. These matchless
berries,
A' the sweeter they are, are,
are a providential compensation and pro-
vision to the folk of the high latitudes. I
have found them in my wanderings growing
with a great luxuriance in high latitudes in
Norway, the Highlands of Scotland and the
Shetland and Orkney Islands, even in dreary
Labrador, and in Manitoba where, in the
early days, I saw miles of the then trackless
prairies crimson in hue from the ripening
fruit. They are so universal and plentiful in
their wild state that there is no necessity for
their cultivation. The markets of Bergen,
Stavanger and Trondheim are fairly
odorous with this delicious fruit, and
every station, at every home and in
every hotel in Norway they are secure
morning, noon and evening. The richest
rich cream is served with them. Wherever
travelers may go upon busy or unfor-
tunate highways, or even along lonely moun-
tain paths, they are everywhere for the
purpose of this and other things. The
self to nature's largest, blue-eyed, flaxen-
haired children are everywhere at hand with
most trifling return in coin you are willing to
bestow. They are everywhere, and the land
of strawberry giving and selling that a per-
fect typification of Norwegian childhood in
the mountains. The figure of a ragged, smiling,
yellow-headed urchin standing at the
roadside with upturned hands, expectant
look, and eyes of blue or brown.

The tiny Norwegian graveyards, besides
the mountain churches, have a peculiar
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HUMPHREY'S, Broadway and Pine, St. Louis, Jan. 13, 1894.

THIS IS THE SEVENTH DAY of Our Great Annual Green Tag Clearing Sale. Cor-
early, join the great crowd that's making our store the Busiest Place in St. Louis, at
take, while you can, one of Our MEN'S FINEST

OVERCOATS, \$12.00
and Ulsters for
Never again will you get so much for your money.

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H. V. HUMPHREY & CO
Store open until 10
o'clock to-night.

to half a hundred, each from 500 to 1,000 feet
in height; a mighty forest, the River
Rauma, thundering along beside you, itself
in places a series of tremendous cascades
solid walls of stone rising precipitously at
either side from 3,000 to 4,000 feet; wherever
a break in the gorge occurs, either some
withered horn of stone piercing the sky-line
above, or endless mountain chains showing
one of glittering white; and this for not a
little distance, but for nearly fifty miles
all so different from any other land, so bewilder-
ing in its very superabundance of grandeur, and
almost as unapproachable as the world of
fairy tales, that the successive scenes are impos-
sible of fitting description by writer or painter.
Another strikingly similar feature
and yet with some added elements of majes-
tic grandeur is found in the Nordfjord, where
the shorter but still more intensely gloomy
gorge opens out, above Gudvangen, upon the
summit, mountain peaks, and the waterfalls
are so close, its two famous waterfalls,
Kjosfossen and the great, roaring, and
mighty and lofty exhibitions of force and
power, as though the upper ice fields were
pouring over the cliffs their combined
pulverized masses; the river—a mad river
always roaring through the gorge, and
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height that the eye is lost in the distance.
The scenery is so grand and so unparal-
leled in its grandeur, it is said that there
is not another scene in the world
equalling this Nordfjord, and that is the Pass
of the Taurus in Asia Minor.

Norway is above all else a land of mighty
waterfalls. None is so wide or discharges
such a vast volume of water as the great
Gudfossen, which is perhaps 500 or 1,000 feet
high, and the water of several have
a perpendicular descent of fifty times the
height of our American "chunder of water."
I have no doubt that there are still
many of these great waterfalls, and that the
Nordfjord far more majestic waterfalls from
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the eye. The waterfalls are everywhere, and
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unending series of waterfalls, and the most
of these are of the most magnificent and
stupendous character, and the waterfalls
which creep down the face of the mountains
from the melting ice plateaus and mountains
above.

The Lungen and Glommen rivers, the
largest two in Norway, discharge their untold
multitudes of water, more noble and more
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